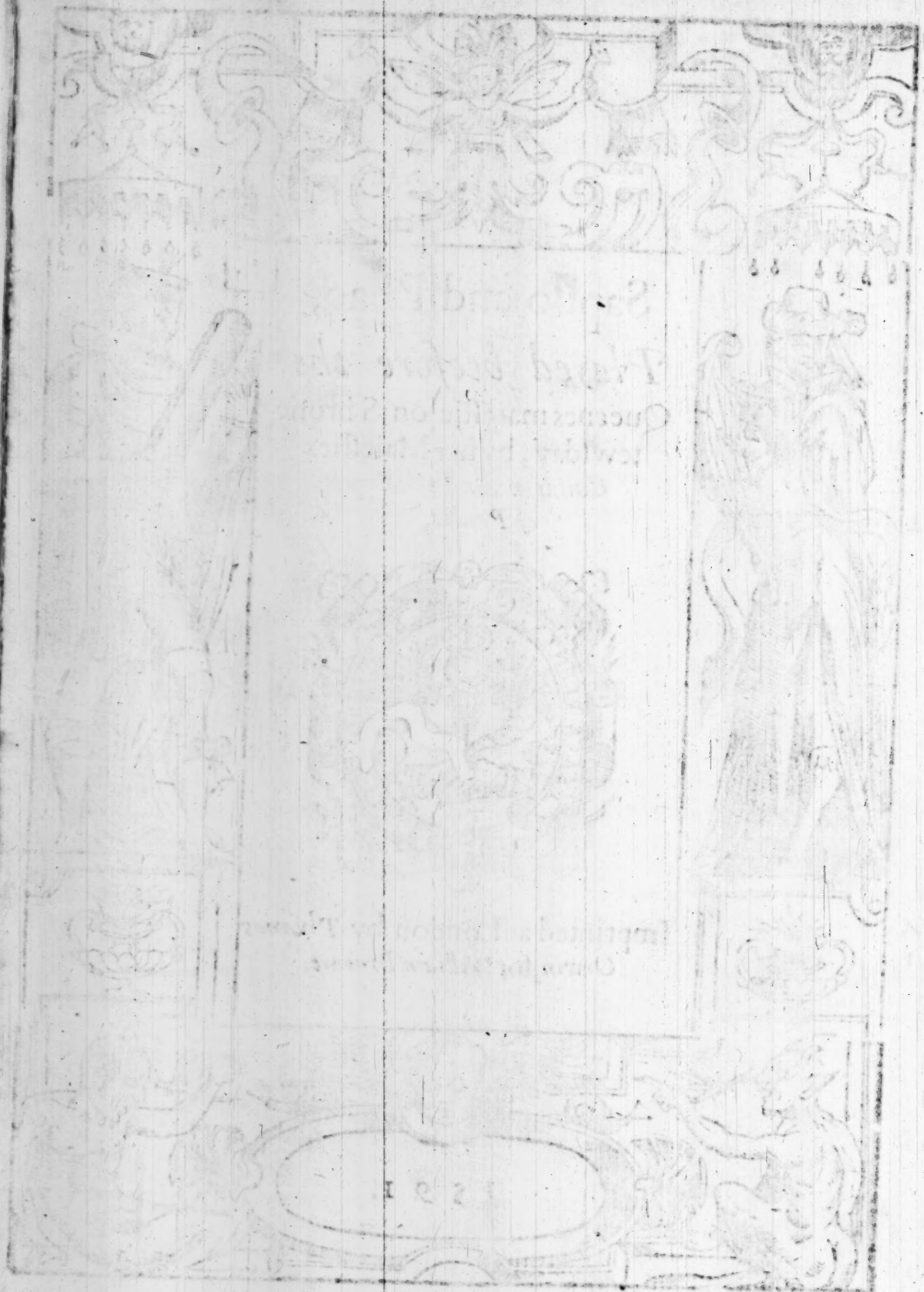
Sapho and Phao,

Played beefore the Queenes maieſtie on Shroue tewſday, by her Maieſties *Children, and the Boyes of Paules.*



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1591.



The Prologue at the Black Friers.

WHere the bee can ſuck no honie, ſhe leaueth her ſting behinde, and where the Beare cannot finde *Origanum* to heale his grief, he blaſteth all other leaues with his breath. We feare it is like to fare ſo with vs, that ſeeing you cannot draw from our labours ſweete content, you leaue behinde you a ſowre miſlike: and with open reproach blame our good meanings, becauſe you cannot reap your wonted mirths. Our intēt was at this time to moue inwarde delight, not outwarde lightnes, and to breede (if it might be) ſoft ſmiling, not loud laughing: knowing it to the wiſe to be as great pleaſure to heare counſell mixed with witte, as to the fooliſh to haue ſporte mingled with rudeneſſe. They were baniſhed the Theater of Athens, and from Rome hiſſed, that brought paraſites on the ſtage with apiſh actions, or fooles with vnciuill habites, or Curtizans with immodeſt words. We haue endeuoured to be as far frō vnſeemly ſpeaches, to make your eares glow, as we hope you will bee free from vnkinde reportes to make our cheekes bluſh. The Gryffon neuer ſpreadeth her wings in the ſunne, when ſhe hath any ſick feathers: yet haue we ventured to preſent our exerciſe before your iudgements, whē we know thē full of weake matter, yeelding rather our ſelues to the curteſie, which we haue euer found, than to the preciſenes, which we ought to feare.

THe Arabians *being ſtuffed with perfumes, burne Hemlock, a rãck poiſon: and in* Hybla *being cloid with honie, they account it daintie to feede on wax. Your Highnes eies whom varietie hath fild with faire ſhowes, and whoſe eares pleaſure hath poſſeſſed with rare ſounds, wil (we truſt) at this time reſemble the princely Eagle, who fearing to ſurfeit on ſpices, ſtoupeth to bite on wormewood. VVee preſent no cõceits nor wars, but deceits & loues, wherin the truth may excuſe the plainneſſe: the neceſſity, the length: the poetry, the bitterneſſe. There is no needles point ſo ſmal, which hath not his compas: nor haire ſo ſlẽder, that hath not his ſhadow: nor ſport ſo ſimple, which hath not his ſhow. VVhat ſoeuer we preſent, whether it be tedious (which we fear) or toyiſh (which we doubt) ſweet or ſower, abſolute or imperfect, or whatſoeuer, in all humblenes we all, & I on knee for all, intreat, that your Highnes imagine your ſelf to be in a deepe dreame, that ſtaying the concluſion, in your riſing your maieſty vouchſafe but to ſay,* And ſo you awakt.

Actus primus, Schæna prima.

Phao, Venus, Cupid.

Phao.  Hou art a Ferriman, Phao, yet a free man, poſſeſsing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy deſires greater than thy calling. Who climeth, ſtandeth on glaſſe, and falleth on thorne. Thy hearts thirſt is ſatiſfied with thy hands thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day, turne to ſweete ſlumbers in the night As much dooth it delight thee to rule thine oare in a calme ſtreame, as it dooth Sapho to ſway the Scepter in her braue court. Enuie neuer caſteth her eie lowe, ambition pointeth alwayes vpward, and reuenge barketh only at ſtarres. Thou fareſt deliciously, if thou haue a fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is ready, when thine oare is idle, and as ſweete is the fiſh which thou getteſt in the riuer, as the foule which other buy in the market, Thou needeſt not feare poyſon in thy glaſſe, nor treaſon in thy garde. The winde is thy greateſt enemie, whoſe might is withſtoode with pollicie. O ſweete life ſeldome found vnder a golden couert, often vnder a thatched cotage. But here commeth one, I will withdrawe my ſelfe aſide, it may be a paſſenger.

Venus It is no leſſe vnſeemely than vnwholſom for Venus, who is moſt honoured in princes courtes, to ſoiourne with Vulcan in a ſmithes forge, where bellowes blow in ſteede of ſighes, darke ſmoakes riſe for ſweete perfumes, and for the panting of louing hearts, is onely heard the beating of ſteeled hammers. Vnhappy Venus, that cari-

ing fire in thine owne breſt, thou ſhouldeſt dwell with fire in his forge. What dooth Vulcan all day but endeuour to be as crabbed in manners, as he is crooked in body? driuing nailes, when he ſhould giue kiſſes, and hammering hard armours, whē he ſhould ſing ſweet amours. It came by lot, not loue, that I was linked with him. He giues three bolts, Cupid, in ſteed of arrowes, fearing belike (iealous foole that he is) that if he ſhould giue thee an Arrow head, hee ſhould make himſelfe a broad head. But come, wee will to Syracuſa, where thy deitie ſhall bee ſhowne, and my diſdaine. I will yoke the neck, that yet neuer bowed, at which, if Ioue repine, Ioue ſhall repent. Sapho ſhall knowe, be ſhe neuer ſo faire, that ther is a Venus, which can conquer, were ſhe neuer ſo fortunate.

Cupid If Ioue eſpie Sapho, he will deuiſe ſome new ſhape to entertaine her.

Venus Strike thou Sapho, let Ioue deuiſe what ſhape he can.

Cupid Mother, they ſay ſhe hath her thoughtes in a ſtring, that ſhee conquers affections, and ſendeth loue vp and downe vpon brands, I am afraide ſhe will yerke me, if I hit her.

Venus Peeuiſh boy, can mortall creatures reſiſt that, which the immortall Gods cannot redreſſe?

Cupid The Gods are amorous: and therefore willing to be pearced.

Venus And ſhe amiable, & therefore muſt be pearced.

Cupid I dare not.

Venus Draw thine arrow to the head, elſe I wil make thee repent it at the heart. Come away, and beholde the ferrie boy ready to conduct vs. Pretie youth, do you keep the ferrie, that bendeth to Syracuſa?

Phao The ferrie, faire Ladie, that bendeth to Syracuſa.

Venus I feare, if the water ſhould begin to ſwell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

Phao

Phao Theſe waters are commonly as the paſſengers be,& therefore carying one ſo faire in ſhew, there is no cauſe to feare a rough ſea.

Venus To paſſe the time in thy boate, canſt thou deuiſe any paſtime?

Phao If the winde bee with me, I can angle, or tell tales: if againſt me,it will be pleaſure for you to ſee mee take paines.

Venus I like not fiſhing: yet was I borne of the ſea.

Phao But he may bleſſe fiſhing,that caught ſuch an one in the ſea.

Venus It was not with an angle,my boye,but with a nette.

Phao So was it ſaid,that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

Venus Didſt thou heare ſo? It was ſome tale.

Phao Yea Madam, and that in the boate I didde meane to make my tale.

Venus It is not for a ferrie man to talke of the Gods loues: but to tell how thy father could dig,and thy mother ſpinne. But come,let vs away?

Phao I am readie to waite.

Exeunt.

Actus primus: Scæna ſecunda.

Trachinus, Pandion, Cryticus, Molus.

Trachi. Pandion, ſince your comming from the vniuerſitie to the court,frō Athens to Syracuſa, how doo you feele your ſelfe altered either in humor or opinion?

Pandi. Altered Trachinus, I ſay no more,& ſhame that any ſhould know ſo much.

Trach. Here you ſee as great vertue,far greater brauerie,the action of that which you contēplate. Sapho faire by nature,by birth royall, learned by education,by gouernemēt politick,rich by peace: inſomuch as it is hard

to

to iudge, whether ſhee be more beautifull or wiſe, vertuous or fortunate. Beeſides, doo you not looke on faire Ladies in ſteede of good letters, and behold faire faces in ſteed of fine phraſes. In vniuerſities vertues and vices are but ſhadowed in colours white and black, in courts ſhewed to life good and bad. There times paſt are read of in olde bookes, times preſent ſet downe by new deuiſes, times to come coniectured at by aime, by propheſie, or chaunce: here are times in perfection, not by deuiſe, as fables, but in execution, as trueths. Beleeue me Pandion, in Athens you haue but tombs, wee in court the bodies, you the pictures of Venus and the wiſe Goddeſſes, wee the perſons and the vertues. What hath a ſcholler found out by ſtudy, that a courtier hath not found out by practiſe. Simple are you that thinke to ſee more at the candle ſnuffe than the ſunne beames, to ſaile further in a little brooke, than in the maine Ocean, to make a greater harueſt by gleaning, than reaping. How ſay you Pandion, is not all this true?

Pandi. Trachinus, what would you more, all true.

Trach. Ceaſe then to leade thy life in a ſtudie, pinned with a few boardes, and endeuour to be a courtier to liue in emboſte rouffes.

Pandi. A labour intollerable for Pandion.

Trach. Why?

Pandi. Becauſe it is harder to ſhape a life to diſſemble, than to goe forward with the libertie of trueth.

Trach. Why, doo you thinke in court any vſe to diſſemble?

Pandi. Doo you knowe in court any that meane to liue?

Trach. You haue no reaſon for it, but an old report.

Pandi. Reporte hath not alwaies a bliſter on her tongue.

Trach. I, but this is the court of Sapho, natures miracle,

racle, which reſembleth the tree *Salurus*, whoſe roote is faſtned vpon knotted ſteele, and in whoſe top bud leaues of pure gold.

Pandi. Yet hath *Salurus* blaſts, and water boughes, wormes and Caterpillers.

Trach. The vertue of the tree is not the cauſe: but the Eaſterly wind, which is thought commonly to bring cankers and rottenneſſe.

Pandi. Nor the excellencie of Sapho the occaſion: but the iniquitie of flatterers, who alwaies whiſper in Princes eares ſuſpition and ſowreneſſe.

Trach. Why, then you conclude with mee, that Sapho for vertue hath no copartner.

Pandi. Yea, and with the iudgement of the World, that ſhe is without compariſon.

Trach. We will thether ſtreight.

Pandi. I would I might returne ſtreight.

Trach. Why, there you may liue ſtill.

Pandi. But not ſtill.

Trach. How like you the Ladies, are they not paſſing faire?

Pandi. Mine eye drinketh neither the colour of wine nor women.

Trach. Yet am I ſure that in iudgement you are not ſo ſeuere, but that you can be content to allow of beauty by day or by night.

Pandi. When I behold beautie before the ſunne, his beames dimme beauty: when by candle, beauty obſcures toarch light, ſo as no time I cā iudge, becauſe at any time I cannot diſcerne, being in the Sunne a brightnes to ſhadow beauty, & in beauty a gliſtering to extinguiſh light.

Trach. Schollerlike ſaid, you flatter that, which you ſeeme to miſlike, and to diſgrace that, which you moſt wonder at. But let vs away.

Pandi. I follow. And you ſir boyes goe to *Syracuſa*

about by land, where you ſhall meete my ſtuffe, paye for the cariage, and conuey it to my lodging.

Trach. I thinke all your ſtuffe are bundles of paper: but now muſt you learne to turne your library to a wardrope, and ſee whether your rapier hang better by your ſide, than the penne did in your eare.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Schæna tertia.

Cryticus, Molus.

Criti. Molus, what oddes betweene thy commons in *Athens* And thy diet in court: a pages life & a ſchollers?

Molus This difference, ther of a little I had ſomewhat, here of a great deale nothing, there did I weare Pantophles on my legs, here doo I beare them in my hands.

Cryti. Thou maiſt be skilled in thy Logick, but not in thy Lerypoope: belike no meate can downe with you, vnleſſe you haue a knife to cut it: but come among vs, & you ſhall ſee vs once in a morning haue a mouſe at a bay.

Molus A mouſe vnproperly ſpoken.

Criti. Aptly vnderſtoode, a mouſe of beefe.

Molus I think indeed a peece of beefe as big as a mouſe ſerues a great companie of ſuch cattes. But what elſe?

Criti. For other ſportes, a ſquare die in a pages pocket, is as decent as a ſquare cap on a Graduates head.

Molus You courtiers be mad fellowes, we ſilly ſoules are onely plodders at *Ergo*, whoſe wittes are claſpt vp with our bookes, and ſo ful of learning are we at home, that we ſcarſe know good manners when we come abroad. Cunning in nothing but in making ſmall things great by figures, pulling on with the ſweate of our ſtudies a great ſhooe vpon a little foote, burning out one candle in ſeeking for an other, raw worldlings in matters of ſubſtance, paſſing wranglers about ſhadowes.

Criti. Then is it time loſt to be a ſcholler. We Pages are

Politians

Politian, for looke what we heare our maisters talke of, we determine of: where we suspect, we vndermine: and where we mislike for some particuler grudge, there wee pick quarrels for a generall griefe. Nothing among vs but in steede of good morrow, what newes: we fall from cogging at dice, to cogge with states: and so forward are meane men in those matters, that they would be cocks to tread down others, before they be chickens to rise themselues. Youthes are very forward to stroake their chins, though they haue no beardes, and to lie as loud as he that hath liued longest.

Molus These be the golden dayes.

Criti. Then be they very darke dayes: for I can see no golde.

Molus You are grosse witted, master courtier.

Criti. And you master scholler slender witted.

Molus I meant times which were propheeied golden for plentie of all things, sharpnesse of wit, excellencie in knowledge, pollicie in gouernement, for.

Criti. Soft *Scholaris*, I denie your argument.

Molus Why, it is no argument.

Criti. Then I denie it, because it is no argument. But let vs goe and follow our masters.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Schæna quarta.

Miletta, Lamia, Fauilla, Ismena, Canope, Eugenia.

Milet. Is it not strange that Phao on the sodaine should be so faire?

Lamya. It cannot be strange, sith Venus was disposed to make him faire. That cunning had been better bestowed on women, which woulde haue deserued thankes of nature.

Isme. Haplie she did it in spite of women, or scorne of nature.

Cano. Proud elfe, how ſqueamiſh he is become alreadie; vſing both diſdainefull lookes, & imperious words: inſomuch that he galleth with ingratitude. And thē Ladies you know how it cutteth a womā to becōe a wooer.

Euge. Tuſh, children and fooles, the fairer they are, the ſooner they yeeld, an apple will catch the one, a baby the other.

Iſme. Your louer I thinke bee a faire foole: for you loue nothing but fruite and puppets.

Milet. I laugh at that you al cal loue, and iudge it onely a word called loue. Me thinks liking, a curteſy, a ſmile, a beck, and ſuch like, are the very Quinteſſence of loue.

Fauilla I Mileta, but were you as wiſe, as you would be thought faire, or as faire, as you thinke your ſelfe wiſe, you would bee as ready to pleaſe men, as you are coye to pranke your ſelfe, & as careful to be accounted amorous, as you are willing to be thought diſcreete.

Milet. No, no, men are good ſoules (poore ſoules;) who neuer enquire but with their eyes, louing to father the cradle, though they but mother the childe. Giue me their giftes, not their vertues, a graine of their Golde weigheth downe a pound of their witte, a dram of giue me, is heauier than an ounce of heare mee. Beleeue mee Ladies, giue is a pretie thing.

Iſme. I cannot but oftentimes ſmile to my ſelfe to heare men call vs weake veſſells, when they proue themſelues broken hearted, vs fraile, when their thoughtes cannot hang together, ſtudying with words to flatter, and with bribes to allure, when we commonly wiſh their tongues in their purſes, they ſpeake ſo ſimplie, and their offers in their bellies, they doo it ſo pecuiſhlie.

Mileta. It is good ſport to ſee them want matter: for then fall they to good manners, hauing nothing in their mouthes but ſweet miſtres, wearing our hands out with courtly kiſſings, when their wits faile in courtly diſcourſes.

ſes. Now ruffling their haires, now ſetting their ruffes, then gazing with their eyes, then ſighing with a priuie wring by the hand, thinking vs like to bee wooed by ſignes and ceremonies.

Euge. Yet we whē we ſweare with our mouthes we are not in loue, then we ſigh from the heart & pine in loue.

Cano. We are mad wenches, if men marke our words: for when I ſay, I would none cared for loue more than I, what meane I, but I would none loued but I, where wee crie away, doo wee not preſently ſay, goe to: and when men ſtriue for kiſſes, we exclaime, let vs alone, as though we would fall to that our ſelues.

Fauilla Nay, then Canope, it is time to goe, & behold Phao?

Iſme. Where?

Fauilla In your head Iſmena, no where elſe: but let vs keepe on our way.

Iſme. Wiſely.

Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus, Schæna prima.

Phao, Sybilla.

Phao Phao, thy meane fortune cauſeth thee to vſe an oare, and thy ſodaine beautie a glaſſe: by the one is ſeene thy neede, in the other thy pride. O Venus, in thinking thou haſt bleſt me, thou haſt curſt me, adding to a poore eſtate, a proud heart, and to a diſdained man, a diſdaining minde. Thou dooſt not flatter thy ſelfe Phao, thou art faire: faire? I feare me faire be a word too foule for a face ſo paſſing fayre. But what auaileth beautie, hadſt thou all things thou wouldeſt wiſh, thou mightſt die to morrow, and didſt thou want all things thou deſireſt, thou ſhalt liue till thou dieſt. Tuſh Phao, there is growne more pride in thy minde, than fauour in thy face. Bluſh fooliſh boy, to thinke on thine owne thoughts, ceaſe com-

plaints, and craue counsell. And loe, behold Sybilla, in the mouth of her caue, I will salute her Ladie, I feare me I am out of my way, and so benighted withall that I am compelled to aske your direction.

Syb. Faire youth, if you wil be aduised by me, you shal for this time seeke none other Inne, than my caue: for that it is no lesse perillous to trauaile by night, than vncomfortable.

Phao Your curtesie offred hath preuented what my necessitie was to intreate.

Syb. Come neere, take a stoole, and sit downe. Now, for that these winter nights are long, and that children delight in nothing more than to heare old wiues tales, wee will beguile the time with some storie. And though you behold wrinckles and furrowes in my tawnie face: yet may you happely finde wisdome & counsel in my white haires.

Ph Lady, nothing can cõtent me better thã a tale, neither is there any thing more necessarie for me than counsell.

Sybi. Were you borne so faire by Nature?

Phao No, made so faire by Venus.

Sybi. For what cause?

Phao I feare me for some curse.

Sybi. Why, doo you loue, and cannot obteine?

Phao No, I may obteine, but cannot loue.

Sybi. Take heed of that my childe.

Phao I cannot chuse good Madame.

Sybi. Then hearken to my tale, which I hope shalbe as a streight thred to lead you out of those crooked cõceits, and place you in the plaine path of loue.

Phao I attend.

Sybi. When I was yong, as you now are, I speak it without boasting, I was as beautifull: for *Phœbus* in his Godhead sought to get my maidenhead: but I fonde wench, receiuing a benefit from aboue, began to wexe squemish beneath,

beneath, not vnlike to *Asolis*, which being made greene by heauenly drops, shrinketh into the ground whē there fall showers: or the *Syrian* mudde, which beeing made white chalke by the sunne, neuer ceaseth rolling, til it lie in the shadow. He to sweete praiers added great promises: I, either desirous to make triall of his power, or willing to prolong mine owne life, caught vp my handfull of sand, consenting to his sute, if I might liue as manie yeares as there were graines. *Phœbus* (for what cannot Gods doo, and what for loue will they not doo) granted my petition. And then I sigh and blush to tell the rest, I recalled my promise.

Phao Was not the God angrie to see you so vnkinde?

Sybi. Angrie my boy, which was the cause that I was vnfortunate.

Phao What reuenge for such rigor vsed the Gods?

Sybi. None, but suffring vs to liue, and know we are no Gods.

Phao I pray tell on.

Syb. I wil. Hauing receiued long life by *Phœbus*, & rare beautie by nature, I thought all the yere would haue bin May, that fresh colours would alwaies cōtinue, that time and fortune could not weare out, what Gods and Nature had wrought vp: not once imagining that white & red should returne to blacke and yeolow; the luniper, the longer it grew, the crookedder it wexed; or that in a face without blemish, there should come wrinkles without number. I did as you doo, goe with my glasse rauished with the pride of mine owne beautie, and you shall doo as I doo, loath to see a glasse, disdaining deformitie. There was none that heard of my fault, but shunned my fauour, insomuch as I stooped for age before I tasted of youth, sure to bee long liued, vncertaine to bee beloued. Gentlemen that vsde to sigh from their heartes for my sweete loue, began to point with their fingers at my withered

thered face, & laughed to ſee the eies, out of which fire ſeemed to ſparkle, to be ſuccored being old with ſpectacles. This cauſeth me to withdraw my ſelfe to a ſolitarie caue, where I muſt lead ſix hundred yeres in no leſſe penſiuenes of crabbed age, than griefe of remembred youth. Only this comfort, that being ceaſed to be faire, I ſtudie to be wiſe, wiſhing to be thought a graue matrone, ſince I cannot returne to be a yong maide.

Phao Is it not poſſible to die before you becom ſo old?

Sybi. No more poſsible than to return as you are, to be ſo yong.

Phao Could not you ſettle your fancie vpon anie, or would not deſtinie ſuffer it?

Sybi. Women willingly aſcribe that to fortune, which wittingly was committed by frowardnes.

Phao What will you haue me doo?

Sybi. Take heede you doo not as I did. Make not too much of fading beautie, which is faire in the cradle, and foule in the graue, reſembling *Polyon*, whoſe leaues are white in the morning, and blue before night, or *Anyta*, which being a ſweete flowre at the riſing of the Sun, becommeth a weede, if it be not pluckt before the ſetting. Fair faces haue no fruites, if they haue no witneſſes. Whē you ſhall behold ouer this tender fleſh a tough skinne, your eies which were wont to glaunce at others faces to bee ſunke ſo hollowe, that you can ſcarce looke out of your owne head, and when all your teeth ſhall wagge as faſt as your toong, then will you repent the time which you cannot recall, and be enforced to beare what moſt you blame. Looſe not the pleaſaunt time of your youth, than the which there is nothing ſwifter, nothing ſweeter. Beautie is a ſlipperie good, which decreaſeth whileſt it is increaſing, reſembling the Medlar, which in the moment of his full ripenes, is knowen to be in a rottennes. Whiles you looke in the glaſſe it wexeth old with time,

if

if on the Sunne parcht with heate; if on the winde, blasted with colde. A great care to keepe it, a short space to enioy it, a sodaine time to loose it. Bee not coy when you are courted; Fortunes wings are made of Times fethers, which stay not whilest one may measure them. Be affable and curteous in youth, that you may be honoured in age. Roses that lose their coulours, keepe their sauours, and pluckt from the stalke, are put to the still. *Cotonea* becauſe it boweth when the Sunne riseth, is sweetest, when it is oldest: and children, which in their tender yeares sow curtesie, shal in their declining states reap pitie. Be not proud of beauties painting: whose colours consume themselues, becauſe they are beauties painting.

Phao I am driuen by your counsell into diuers conceipts, neither knowing how to stand, or where to fal: but to yeeld to loue is the onely thing I hate.

Sybi. I commit you to fortune, who is like to play such prankes with you, as your tender yeres can scarse beare, nor your greene wits vnderstand. But repaire vnto me often, and if I cannot remoue the effects, yet will I manifest the cauſes.

Phao I goe, readie to returne for aduice, before I am resolued to aduenture.

Sybilla Yet hearken two words, thou shalt get friendship by dissembling, loue by hatred; vnlesse thou perish, thou shalt perish; in digging for a stone, thou shalt reach a starre; thou shalt be hated most, becauſe thou art loued most: thy death shalbe feared & wished. So much for prophecie, which nothing can preuent: and this for counsell, which thou maist follow. Keepe not company with antes that haue winges, nor talke with anie neere the hill of a mowle; where thou smellest the sweetnesse of serpents breath, beware thou touch no part of the bodie. Bee not merrie among those that put bugloſſe in their wine, and suger in thine. If anie talk of the Eclipse

of the Sunne, say thou neuer sawest it, Nourish no conies in thy vaults, nor swallowes in thine eues. Sow next thy vines *Mandrage*, and euer keep thine eares open, and thy mouth shut, thine eyes vpward, & thy fingers down: so shalt thou doo better than otherwise, though neuer so well as I wish.

Phao Alas Madame, your prophecie threateneth miseries, and your counsell warneth impossibilities.

Sibi. Farewell, I can answere no more. *Exit.*

Actus secundus, Schæna secunda.

Phao, Sapho, Trachinus, Pandion, Criticus, Molus.

Phao. Vnhappie Phao. But soft, what gallant troupe is this? what Gentlewoman is this?

Criti. Sapho, a Ladie here in *Sicily.*

Sapho What faire boy is that?

Trach. Phao, the Ferriman of *Syracusa.*

Phao I neuer saw one more braue: be all Ladies of such maiestie?

Criti. No, this is she that all wonder at and worship.

Sapho I haue seldome seene a sweeter face: be all Ferrimen of that faireneſſe?

Trach. No Madame, this is he that Venus determined among men to make the faireſt.

Sapho Seeing I am onely come foorth to take the ayre, I wil crosse the Ferrie, and so the fields, then going in thorough the parke, I thinke the walke wilbe pleasant.

Trach. You will much delight in the flattering greene, which now beginneth to be in his glorie.

Sapho Sir boy, will ye vndertake to carie vs ouer the water? Are you dumb, can you not speake?

Phao Madame, I craue pardon, I am spurblinde, I could scarse see.

Sapho It is pitie in so good a face there should be an euil eye.

Phao

Phao I would in my face there were neuer an eye.

Sapho Thou canst neuer bee rich, in a trade of life of all the baseſt.

Phao Yet content Madame, which is a kinde of life of all the beſt.

Sapho Wilt thou forſake thy Ferrie, & follow the Court as a page?

Phao As it pleaſeth fortune Madame, to whom I am a prentice.

Sapho Come, let vs goe?

Trach. Will you goe Pandion.

Pandi. Yea. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus, Schæna tertia.

Molus, Criticus, Calypho.

Molus Cryticus comes in good time, I ſhall not be alone. What newes Cryticus?

Criti. I taught you that leſſon, to aske what newes, and this is the newes: to morrowe there ſhall a deſperate fray betweene two, made at all weapons, from the browne bil to the bodkin.

Molus Now thou talkeſt of fraies, I pray thee what is that, whereof they talke ſo commonly in Court, valour, the ſtab, the piſtoll, for the which euerie man that dareth is ſo much honoured?

Criti. O Molus, beware of valour, he that can look big, & weare his dagger pomel lower than the point, that lyeth at a good ward, and can hit a button with a thruſt, & will into the field man to man for a bout or two, he Molus, is a ſhrewd fellow, and ſhalbe well followed.

Molus What is the end?

Criti. Danger or death.

Molus If it be but death that bringeth all this commendation, I account him as valiant that is killed with a ſurfet, as with a ſword.

Cryti. How ſo?

Molus If I venture vpon a full ſtomack to eate a raſher on the coales, a carbonado, drinke a carouſe, ſwallow all things that may procure ſickneſſe or death, am not I as valiant to die ſo in an houſe, as the other in a field? Mee thinkes that Epicures are as deſperate as ſouldiours, and cookes prouide as good weapons as cutlers?

Criti. O valiaunt knight.

Molus I will die for it, what greater valor?

Cryti. Schollers fight, who rather ſeeke to choak their ſtomackes, than ſee their bloud.

Molus I will ſtand vpon this poynt, if it bee valour to dare die, he is valiant howſoeuer he dieth.

Criti. Well, of this hereafter: but here commeth Calipho, we will haue ſome ſport.

Caly. My miſtreſſe, I thinke hath got a Gadfly, neuer at home, and yet none can tell where abrode. My maſter was a wiſe mā, when he matcht with ſuch a woman. Whē ſhee comes in, wee muſt put out the fire, becauſe of the ſmoake, hang vp our hammers, becauſe of the noyſe; and doo no work, but watch what ſhee wanteth. She is faire, but by my troath I doubt of her honeſtie. I muſt ſeeke her, that I feare Mars hath found.

Criti. Whom dooſt thou ſeeke?

Caly. I haue found thoſe I ſeeke not.

Molus I hope you haue found thoſe, which are honeſt.

Caly. It may be: but I ſeeke no ſuch.

Molus Cryticus, you ſhall ſee me by learning to prooue Calipho to be the diuell.

Cryti. Let vs ſee: but I pray thee proue it better, than thou didſt thy ſelfe to be valiant.

Molus Calipho, I will proue thee to be a diuell.

Caly. Then will I ſweare thee to be a God.

Molus The diuell is black.

Caly. What care I?

Molus

Molus Thou art black.
Caly. What care you?
Molus Therefore thou art the diuell.
Caly. I denie that.
Molus It is the concluſion, thou muſt not denie it.
Caly. In ſpite of all concluſions, I will denie it.
Criti. Molus, the Smith holdes you hard.
Molus Thou ſeeſt he hath no reaſon.
Criti. Trie him againe.
Molus I will reaſon with thee now from a place.
Caly. I meane to anſwere you in no other place.
Molus Like maſter, like man.
Caly. It may be.
Molus But thy maſter hath hornes.
Caly. And ſo maieſt thou.
Molus Therefore thou haſt hornes, and ergo a diuell.
Caly. Be they all diuels that haue hornes?
Molus All men that haue hornes are.
Caly. Then are there moe diuels on earth thā in hel.
Molus But what doeſt thou anſwere?
Caly. I deny that.
Molus What?
Caly. Whatſoeuer it is, that ſhal prooue me a deuill. But heareſt thou ſcholler, I am a plaine fellow, and can faſhion nothing but with the hammer. What wilt thou ſay, if I proue thee a ſmith?
Molus Then wil I ſay thou art a ſcholler.
Criti. Prooue it Calipho, and I wil giue thee a good *Colaphum*.
Caly. I will prooue it, or els.
Criti. Or els what?
Caly. Or els I will not proue it. Thou art a ſmith: therefore thou art a ſmith. The concluſion, you ſay, muſt not be denied: and therefore it is true, thou art a ſmith.
Molus I, but I denie your Antecedent.

Cal. I, but you shal not. Haue I not toucht him Cryticus?

Criti. You haue both done learnedly: for as sure as he is a smith, thou art a diuell.

Caly. And then he a diuell, because a smith: for that it was his reason to make me a diuell, being a smith.

Molus There is no reasoning with these *Mechanical* doultes, whose wits are in their hands, not in their heads.

Criti. Be not cholerick, you are wise: but let vs take vp this matter with a song.

Caly. I am content, my voyce is as good as my reason.

Molus Then shall we haue sweete musick. But come, I will not break off.

Song. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundus, Schæna quarta?

Phao, Sybilla.

Phao. What vnacquainted thoughts are these Phao, farre vnfit for thy thoughts, vnmeete for thy birth, thy fortune, thy yeares, for Phao? vnhappie, canst thou not be content to beholde the Sunne, but thou must couet to build thy nest in the Sunne? Dooth Sapho bewitch thee, whome all the Ladies in *Sicily* coulde not wooe: Yea, poore Phao, the greatnesse of thy minde is far aboue the beautie of thy face, and the hardnesse of thy fortune beyond the bitternesse of thy words. Die Phao, Phao die: for there is no hope if thou be wise, nor safetie, if thou be fortunate. Ah Phao, the more thou seekest to suppresse those mounting affections, they soare the loftier, and the more thou wrestlest with them, the stronger they wexe, not vnlike vnto a ball, which the harder it is throwne against the earth, the higher it boundeth into the ayre: or our Sycilyan stone, which groweth hardest by hammering. O diuine loue, and therefore diuine, because loue, whose deitie no conceit can compasse, and therefore no authoritie can constraine, as miraculous

raculous in working as mightie, and no more to be ſuppreſſed than comprehended How now Phao, whether art thou caried, committing idolatrie with that GOD, whome thou haſt cauſe to blaſpheme. O Sapho, faire Sapho, peace miſerable wretch, enioy thy care in couert, weare willow in thy hat, and baies in thy heart. Leade a Lamb in thy hand, and a Fox in thy head, a doue on the back of thy hand, and a ſparrow in the palme. Gold boyleth beſt, whē it bubleth leaſt, water runneth ſmootheſt, where it is deepeſt. Let thy loue hang at thy hearts bottome, not at the tongues brimme. Things vntold, are vndone, there can be no greater cōfort, than to know much, nor any leſſe labour, thē to ſay nothing. But ah thy beautie Sapho, thy beautie. Beginneſt thou to blab? I blab it Phao, as long as thou blabbeſt her beautie. Bees that die with honey, are buried with harmony. Swannes that end their liues with ſōgs, are couered whē they are dead with flowers: & they that til their later gaſp, cōnēd bewty, ſhal be euer honored with benefits. In theſe extremities I wil goe to none other Oracle, than Sybilla, whoſe old yeares haue not been idle in theſe yong attēpts, & whoſe ſound aduice may mittigate (though the heauēs cānot remoue) my miſeries O Sapho, ſweete Sapho, Sapho: Sibilla?

Sib. Who is there?

Phao One not worthie to be one.

Syb. Faire Phao?

Phao Vnfortunate Phao.

Sibilla. Come in

Phao. So I will, and quite thy tale of Phœbus, with one whoſe brightnes darkeneth Phœbus. I loue Sapho, Sybilla, Sapho, ah Sapho, Sybilla.

Sybilla. A ſhort tale Phao, and ſorrowfull, it asketh pittie rather than counſell.

Phao So it is Sybilla: yet in thoſe firme yeres me thinketh

keth there ſhould harbour ſuch experience, as may deferre though not take away, my deſtiny.

Sybilla It is hard to cure that by words, which cannot be eaſed by hearbs, and yet if thou wilt take aduiſe, be attentiue.

Phao I haue brought mine eares of purpoſe, and will hāg at your mouth, till you haue finiſhed your diſcourſe.

Syb. Loue, fayre child, is to be gouerned by arte, as thy boat by an oare: for fancie, though it cōmeth by hazard, is ruled by wiſedome. If my precepts may perſwade, (& I pray thee let them perſwade) I would wiſh thee firſt to be diligent: for that women deſire nothing more thā to haue their ſeruants officious. Be alwaies in ſight, but neuer ſloathfull. Flatter, I meane lie, little things catch light minds, and fancie is a worme, that feedeth firſt vpon fennell. Imagine with thy ſelfe all are to be won, otherwiſe mine aduiſe were as vnneceſſary as thy labour. It is vnpoſſible for the brittle mettle of womē to withſtand the flattering attempts of men: only this, let them be aſked, their ſex requireth no loſſe, their modeſties are to be allowed ſo much. Be prodigall in praiſes and promiſes, beauty muſt haue a trompet, & pride a gift. Peacocks neuer ſpread their feathers, but when they are flattered, and Gods are ſeldome pleaſed, if they bee not bribed. There is none ſo foule, that thinketh not her ſelf faire. In commending thou cāſt looſe no labour: for of euery one thou ſhalt be beleeued. Oh ſimple womē, that are brought rather to beleeue what their eares heare of flattering men, than what their eyes ſee in true glaſſes.

Phao You digreſſe onely to make mee beleeue, that women do ſo lightly beleeue.

Sybilla Then to the purpoſe. Chuſe ſuch times to breake thy ſuite as thy Lady is pleaſant. The wooden horſe entred *Troy*, whē the ſouldiers were quaffing, and *Penelope* forſooth, whom fables make ſo coy, among the pottes wrong her wooers by the fiſts, when ſhe lowred on their faces,

faces, Grapes minde glasses. Venus worketh in Bacchus presse, and bloweth fire vpon his lycour. When thou talkest with her, let thy speech be pleasant, but not incredible. Chuse such words as may (as many may) melt her minde, honey ranckleth, when it is eaten for pleasure, & faire words wound, when they are heard for loue. Write, and persist in writing, they reade more than is written to them, and write lesse than they thinke. In conceit studie to be pleasant, in attire braue, but not too curious, when she smileth, laugh outright, if rise, stād vp, if sit, lye down, loose all thy time to keepe time with her. Can you sing, shew your cunning, can you daunce, vse your legges, can you play vppon any instrument, practise your fingers to please her fancie, seeke out qualities. If she seeme at the first cruell, be not discouraged. I tell thee a strange thing, women striue, because they would bee ouercome: force they cal it, but such a welcome force they account it that continually they studie to be enforced. To faire wordes ioyne sweete kisses, which if they gently receiue, I say no more, they wil gently receiue. But be not pinned alwaies on her sleeues, straungers haue greene rushes, when daily guests are not worth a rush. Looke pale, and learne to be leane, that who so seeth thee, may say, the Gentleman is in loue. Vse no sorcerie to hasten thy successe, wit is a witch, Vlisses was not faire, but wise, not cunning in charmes, but sweete in speach, whose filed tongue made those inamoured that sought to haue him inchanted. Be not coy, beare, sooth, sweare, die to please thy Lady: these are rules for poore louers, to others I am no mistresse. He hath wit enough, that can giue enough. Dombe men are eloquent, if they be liberall. Beleeue me great gifts are little Gods. When thy mistresse dooth bend her brow, doo doo not thou bend thy fist. Camockes must bee bowed with sleight, not strength, water to be trained with pipes, not stopped with sluces, fire to bee quenched with dust,

not with swords. If thou haue a riual, be patient, art must winde him out, nor malice: time, not might, her change, & thy constancie. Whatsoeuer she weareth, sweare it becões her, in thy loue be secret. Venus cofers, though they be hollow neuer sound, & whẽ they seeme emptiest, they are fullest. Old foole that I am, to doo thee good, I begin to doate, and counsell that, which I would haue concealed. Thus Phao haue I giuen thee certaine regardes, no rules, only to set thee in the way, not to bring thee home.

Phao Ah Sybilla, I pray goe on, that I may glutte my selfe in this science.

Syb. Thou shalt not surfet Phao, whilst I diet thee. Flyes that dye on the huney suckle becõe poyson to bees. A little in loue is a great deale.

Phao But all that can be saide not enough.

Syb. White siluer draweth black lines, and sweete words will breede sharpe torments.

Phao What shall become of me?

Syb. Goe daire.

Phao I goe, Phao, thou canst but dye, & then as good dye with great desires, as pine in base fortunes.

Exit.

Actus tertius, Schæna primus.

Trachinus, Pandion, Miletus. Ismena, Eugenna.

Trachi. Sapho is falne sodainely sick, I cannot gesse the cause.

Milet. Some cold belike, or else a womans qualme.

Pandi. A strange nature of colde, to driue one into such an heate.

Milet. Your Phisick sir I think be of the second sort, else would you not iudge it rare, that hot feuers are ingendred by cold causes.

Pandi. Indeed Lady I haue no more phisick than wil purge choller, and that if it please you, I will practise vpon you, It is good for women that be waspish.

Isme.

Isme. Fayth sir no, you are best purge your owne melancholy: belike you are a male content.

Pandi. It is true, and are not you a female content.

Trachi. Soft, I am not content, that a Male & Female content, should goe together.

Milet. Ismena is disposed to be merrie.

Isme. No, it is Pandion would faine seeme wise.

Trachi. You shall not fal out: for Pigeons after biting fall to billing, and open iarres make the closest friends.

Euge. Mileta, Ismena, Mileta: Come away my Ladie is in a sowne.

Milet. Aye me.

Isme. Come let vs make haste.

Trach. I am sorie for Sapho: because she will take no phisick, like you Pandion, who being sick of the sullens, will seeke no friend.

Pandi. Of men we learne to speak, of Gods to holde our peace. Silence shall disgest what folly hath swallowed, and wisdome weane what fancie hath nourished.

Trach. Is it not loue?

Pandi. If it were, what then?

Trach. Nothing, but that I hope it be not.

Pandi. Why, in courtes there is nothing more common. And as to be bald among the *Mycenians* it was accounted no shame, because they were all balde: so to be in loue among courtiers it is no discredit: for that they are all in loue.

Trach. VVhy, what doe you thinke of our Ladies?

Pandi. As of the *Sera* wooll, which being whitest and softest, fretteth soonest and deepest.

Trach. I wil not tempt you in your deep Melancholy, least you seeme sowne to those, which are so sweete. But come, let vs walke a little into the fields, it may bee the open ayre will disclose your close conceites.

Pandi. I will goe with you: but send our pages away.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius. Schæna secunda.

Criticus, Molus, Calipho.

Criti. What browne studie art thou in Molus, no mirth? no life?

Molus I am in the deapth of my learning driuen to a muse, how this lent I shall scamble in the court, that was wont to fast soost in the Vniuersitie.

Criti. Thy belly is thy God.

Molus. Then is he a deafe God.

Criti. Why?

Molus For *venter non habet aures*. But thy back is thy God.

Criti. Then it is a blinde God.

Molus How proue you that?

Criti. Easie. *Nemo videre mantica, quod in tergo est.*

Molus Then would the sachell that hanges at your God, *id est*, your back, were full of meate to stuffe my God, *hoc est*, my belly.

Criti. Excellent. But how canst thou studie, when thy minde is onely in the kitchen?

Molus Doth not the horse trauaile best, that sleepeth with his head in the maunger?

Criti. Yes, what then?

Molus Good wittes will apply. But what cheere is there here this Lent?

Criti. Fish,

Molus I can eate none, it is windie.

Criti. Egges?

Molus. I must eate none, they are fire.

Criti. Cheese.

Molus It is against the olde verse, *Caseus est nequam*.

Criti. Yea but it disgesteth all things except it selfe.

Molus Yea, but if a man hath nothing else to eate, what shall it disgest?

Criti. You are disposed to iest. But if your silken throat

can

can ſwallow no packthred, you muſt picke your teeth, & play with your trencher.

Molus So ſhall I not incurre the fulſome and vnmannerly ſinne of ſurfetting. But here commeth Calypho.

Criti. What newes?

Caly. Since my being here, I haue ſweat like a dogge to proue my maſter a diuell, he brought ſuch reaſons to refell me, as I promiſe you I ſhall thinke the better of his wit, as long as I am with him.

Molus How?

Caly. Thus, I alwaies arguing that he had hornes, and therfore a diuel: he ſaid, foole, they are things like hornes, but no hornes. For once, in the Senate of Gods beeing holden, a ſolempne ſeſſion, in the midſt of their talke, I put in my ſentence, which was ſo indifferent, that they al concluded it might aſwell haue been left out, as put in, & ſo placed on each ſide of my head things like hornes, & called me a *Parentheſis*. Now my maſters, this may bee true, for I haue ſeene it my ſelfe about diuers ſentences.

Molus It is true, and the ſame time did Mars make a full point, that Vulcans head was made a *Parentheſis*.

Criti. This ſhall goe with me: I truſt in *Syracuſa* to giue one or other a *Parentheſis*.

Melus Is Venus yet come home?

Caly. No, but were I Vulcan, I would by the Gods:

Criti. What wouldſt thou?

Caly. Nothing, but as Vulcan halt by the Gods.

Criti. I thought you would haue hardly entreated Venus.

Caly. Nay, Venus is eaſily entreated: but let that goe by.

Criti. What?

Caly. That which maketh ſo manie *Parentheſis*.

Molus I muſt goe by too, or els my maſter wil not go by me, but meete me full with his fiſt. Therefore, if we ſhall

ſing, giue me my part quickly: for if I tarrie long, I ſhall crie my part wofully.

Song. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Schæna tertia.

Sapho in her bed, *Mileta*, *Iſmena*, *Canope*, *Eugenna*, *Fauilla*, *Lamya*.

Sapho Hey ho: I know not which way to turne me. Ah, ah, I faint, I die.

Milet. Madame, I thinke it good you haue more cloathes, and ſweate it out.

Sapho No, no, the beſt eaſe I finde is to ſigh it out.

Iſme. A ſtrange diſeaſe that ſhould breed ſuch a deſire.

Sapho A ſtrange deſire that hath brought ſuch a diſeaſe.

Cano. Where Ladie, doo you feele your moſt paine?

Sapho Where no bodie els can feele it, Canope.

Cano. At the heart?

Sapho In the heart.

Cano. Will you haue anie *Mithrydate*?

Sapho Yea, if for this diſeaſe there were any *Mithrydate*.

Milet. Why? what diſeaſe is it Madame, that phiſicke cannot cure?

Sapho Onely the diſeaſe Mileta that I haue.

Milet. Is it a burning ague?

Sapho I thinke ſo, or a burning agonie.

Euge. Wil you haue anie of this ſyrop to moyſture your mouth?

Sapho Would I had ſome locall things to drie my brain.

Fauil. Madame, will you ſee if you can ſleepe?

Sapho Sleepe Fauilla? I ſhall then dreame.

Lamy. As good dreame ſleeping, as ſigh waking.

Euge. Phao is cunning in all kinde of ſimples, and it is hard, if there be none to procure ſleepe.

Sapho Who?

Euge. Phao.

Sapho

Sapho Yea Phao, Phao, ah Phao, let him come presently.

Milet. Shall we draw the curteins, whilest you giue your selfe leaue to slumber?

Sapho Do, but depart not, I haue such starts in my sleep, disquieted I know not how. *In a slumber.* Phao, Phao.

Isme. What say you Madame?

Sapho Nothing, but if I sleepe not now, you sende for Phao. Ah Gods.

She falleth asleepe. *The Curtaines drawen.*

Milet. There is a fish called *Garus*, that healeth all sicknesse, so as whilest it is applied one name not *Garus*.

Euge. An euill medicine for vs women: for if we shuld be forbidden to name *Garus*, we should chat nothing but *Garus*.

Cano. Well said Eugenua, you know your selfe.

Euge. Yea Canope, and that I am one of your sexe.

Isme. I haue heard of an hearb called *Lunarie*, that beeing bound to the pulses of the sicke, cause nothing but dreames of weddings and daunces.

Fauil. I thinke I smena, that hearb be at thy pulses now: for thou art euer talking of matches and merriments.

Cano. It is an vnluckie signe in the chamber of the sick to talke of marriages: for my mother said, it foresheweth death.

Mil. It is verie euill to Canope to sit at the beds feete, & foretelleth danger: therefore remooue your stoole, & sit by me.

Lamy. Sure it is some colde she hath taken.

Isme. If one were burnt, I thinke we women would say, he died of a colde.

Fauil. It may be some conceipt.

Milet. Then is there no feare: for yet did I neuer heare of a woman that died of a conceit.

Euge. I mistrust her not: for that the Owle hath not

shrikt

ſhrikt at the window, or the night Rauen croked, both being fatall.

Fauil. You are all ſuperſtitious, for theſe bee but fancies of doting age: who by chance obſeruing it in ſome, haue ſet it downe as a religion for all.

Milet. Faulla, thou art but a Girle, I would not haue a weeſel crie, nor deſire to ſee a glaſſe, nor an old wife come into my chamber: for then though I lingred in my diſeaſe, I ſhould neuer eſcape it.

Sapho Ah, who is there? what ſodaine affrights be theſe? Mee thought Phao came with ſimples to make mee ſleepe. Did no bodie name Phao beefore I beganne to ſlumber?

Mil. Yes, we tolde you of him.

Sapho Let him be here to morrow.

Mile. He ſhall, will you haue a litle broath to comfort you?

Sapho I can reliſh nothing.

Milet. Yet a little you muſt take to ſuſtaine nature.

Sapho I cannot Mileta, I will not. Oh which way ſhall I lye? what ſhall I doo? Heigh ho. O Mileta, helpe to reare me vp, my bed, my head lies too lowe. You peſter me with too manie clothes. Fie, you keepe the chamber too hot, auoide it, it may be I ſhall ſteale a nap when all are gone.

Milet. We will.

Sapho ſola. Ah impacient diſeaſe of loue, and Goddeſſe of loue thrice vnpitifull. The Eagle is neuer ſtriken with thunder, nor the Olyue with lightning, and may great Ladies be plagued with loue? O Venus, haue I not ſtrawed thine altares with ſweete roſes? kept thy ſwannes in cleare riuers? fed thy ſparrowes with ripe corne, & harboured thy doues in faire houſes? Thy ſortoys haue I nouriſhed vnder my fig tree, my chamber haue I ceeled with thy Cockleſhels, & dipped thy ſpung into the freſheſt

ſheſt waters. Didſt thou nurſe me in my ſwadling clouts with wholſome hearbes, that I might periſh in my flowring yeres by fancie? I perceiue, but too late I perceiue, and yet not too late, beecauſe at laſt, that ſtraynes are caught aſwel by ſtooping too low, as reaching too high: that eies are bleared as ſoone with vapors that come frō the earth, as with beames that proceed from the Sunne. Loue lodgeth ſometimes in caues: & thou Phœbus that in the pride of thy heate ſhineſt all day in our Horizon, at night dippeſt thy head in the Ocean. Reſiſt it Sapho, whileſt it is yet tender. Of acornes comes okes, of drops flouds, of ſparkes flames, of atomies elements. But alas, it fareth with me as with waſpes, who feeding on ſerpents, make their ſtings more venomous: for glutting my ſelfe on the face of Phao, I haue made my deſire more deſperate. Into the neaſt of an *Alcyon* no bird can enter but the *Alcyon*, and into the heart of ſo great a Ladie, can anie creepe but a great Lord? There is an hearbe (not vnlike vnto my loue) which the farther it groweth from the ſea, the ſalter it is; and my deſires the more they ſwarue from reaſon, the more ſeeme they reaſonable. Whē Phao commeth, what then? wilt thou open thy loue? Yea. No Sapho: but ſtaring in his face till thine eyes dazell, and thy ſpirites faint, die before his face: then this ſhall bee written on thy Tomb, that though thy loue were greater than wiſdome could endure, yet thine honour was ſuch, as loue could not violate: Mileta?

Milet. I come.

Sapho It wil not be, I can take no reſt, which way ſoeuer I turne.

Milet. A ſtrange maladie.

Sapho Mileta, if thou wilt, a martyrdome. But giue me my lute, and I wil ſee if in ſong I can beguile mine owne eyes.

Milet. Here Madame.

Sapho Haue you ſent for Phao?

Milet. Yea.

Sapho And to bring ſimples that will procure ſleepe?

Milet. No.

Sapho Fooliſh wench, what ſhould the boy doo here, if he bring not remedies with him? you thinke belike I could ſleep, if I did but ſee him. Let him not come at all: yes, let him come: no it is no matter: yet will I trie, let him come: doo you heare?

Milet. Yea Madame, it ſhall be doone. Peace, no noiſe: ſhe beginneth to fall aſleep. I will goe to Phao.

Iſme. Goe ſpeedely: for if ſhe wake, and finde you not heere, ſhee will bee angrie. Sicke folkes are teſtie, who though they eate nothing, yet they feede on gall.

The Song.

Actus tertius, Schæna prima.

Mileta, Phao, Iſmena, Sapho, Venus.

Milet. I would either your cunning Phao, or your fortune, might by ſimples prouoke my Ladie to ſome ſlumber?

Phao My ſimples are in operation as my ſimplicitie is, which if they doo little good, aſſuredlie they can doo no harme.

Milet. Were I ſicke, the verie ſight of thy faire face, would driue me into a ſound ſleepe.

Phao Indeede Gentlewomen are ſo drowſie in their deſires, that they can ſcarſe hold vp their eyes for loue.

Milet. I meane the delight of beautie would ſo bind my ſenſes, as I ſhould be quickly rocked into a deep reſt.

Phao You women haue an excuſe for an aduauntage, which muſt be allowed, becauſe onely to you women it was allotted.

Milet. Phao, thou art paſsing faire, and able to drawe a chaſte eye not onely to glaunce, but to gaze on thee. Thy

yong

yong yeres, thy quicke wit, thy ſtayed deſires are of force to controll thoſe which ſhould command.

Phao Ladie, I forgot to commend you firſt: and leaſt I ſhould haue ouerſlipped to praiſe you at all, you haue brought in my beautie, which is ſimple, that in curteſie I might remember yours, which is ſingular.

Mil. You miſtake of purpoſe, or miſconſter of malice.

Phao I am as farre from malice, as you from loue, and to miſtake of purpoſe were to miſlike of peeuiſhnes.

Milet. As farre as I from loue? Why, thinke you me ſo dull I cannot loue, or ſo ſpitefull I will not?

Phao Neither Ladie: but how ſhould men imagine women can loue, when in their mouthes there is nothing rifer, than in faith I doo not loue.

Milet. Why, will you haue womens loue in their tongs?

Phao Yea, els doo I thinke there is none in their hearts.

Milet. Why?

Phao Becauſe there was neuer anie thing in the bottom of a womans heart, that commeth not to her tungs ende.

Mile. You are too yong to cheapen loue.

Phao Yet olde inough to talke with market folkes.

Milet. Well, let vs in?

Iſme. Phao is come.

Sapho VVho? Phao? Phao, let him come neere: but who ſent for him?

Milet. You Madame.

Sapho I am loath to take anie medicines: yet muſt I rather thā pine in theſe maladies. Phao, you may make me ſleepe, if you will.

Phao If I can, I muſt, if you will.

Sapho VVhat hearbes haue you brought Phao?

Phao Such as will make you ſleepe Madame, though they cannot make me ſlumber.

Sapho VVhy, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedie your ſelfe.

Phao Yes Madame, the cauſes are contrarie. For it is onely a drineſſe in your braines, that keepeth you from reſt. But.

Sapho But what?

Phao Nothing, but mine is not ſo.

Sapho Nay, then I deſpaire of help, if our diſeaſe be not all one.

Phao I would our diſeaſes were all one.

Sapho It goes hard with the patient, when the Phiſition is deſperate.

Phao Yet *Medea* made the euerwaking Dragon to ſnort, when ſhe poore ſoule could not winke.

Sapho *Medaa* was in loue, and nothing could cauſe her reſt but *Iaſon*.

Phao Indeed I know no hearb to make louers ſleep, but Hearts eaſe, which becauſe it groweth ſo high, I cannot reach: for,

Sapho For whom?

Phao For ſuch as loue.

Sap. It ſtoopeth verie low, & I can neuer ſtoop to it, that,

Phao That what?

Sapho That I may gather it: but why doo you ſigh ſo Phao?

Phao. It is mine vſe Madame.

Sapho It will doo you harme, and mee too: for I neuer heare one ſigh: but I muſt ſigh alſo.

Phao It were beſt then, that your Ladiſhip giue mee leaue to be gone: for I can but ſigh.

Sapho Nay ſtay, for now I begin to ſigh, I ſhal not leaue though you be gone. But what doo you thinke beſt for your ſighing to take it away.

Phao Yewe Madame.

Sapho Mee?

Phao No Madame, yewe of the tree.

Sapho Then will I loue yewe the better. And indeede I thinke

think it would make me ſleepe too, therefore all other ſimples ſet a ſide, I wil ſimply vſe onely yew.

Phao Doo madam: for I thinke nothing in the world ſo good as yew.

Sapho Farwell for this time.

Venus Is not your name Phao?

Phao Phao, faire Venus, whom you made ſo faire.

Venus So paſſing faire, O faire Phao, O ſweete Phao: what wilt thou doo for Venus?

Phao Any thing that commeth in the compaſſe of my poore fortune.

Venus Cupid ſhal teach thee to ſhoote, & I wil inſtruct thee to diſſemble.

Phao I will learne any thing but diſſembling.

Venus Why my boy?

Phao Becauſe then I muſt learne to be a woman.

Venus Thou heardeſt that of a man.

Phao Men ſpeake trueth.

Venus But trueth is a ſhe, and ſo alwaies painted.

Phao I thinke a painted trueth.

Venus Wel, farwel for this time: for I muſt viſit Sapho.

Phao exit.

Actus quartus, Schæna prima.

Venus, Sapho, Cupid.

Venus Sapho, I haue heard thy complaints, and pitied thine agonies.

Sapho O Venus, my cares are onely knowne to thee, and by thee onely came the cauſe. Cupid, why didſt thou wound me ſo deepe?

Cupid My mother bad me draw mine arrow to the head.

Sapho Venus, why didſt thou proue ſo hatefull?

Venus Cupid tooke a wrong ſhaft.

Sapho O Cupid too vnkinde, to make me ſo kind, that almoſt I tranſgreſſe the modeſtie of my kinde.

Cupid I was blinde, and could not ſee mine arrow.

Sapho How came it to paſſe, thou didſt hit my heart?

Cupid That came by the nature of the head, which being once let out of the bowe, can finde none other lighting place but the heart.

Venus Be not diſmaide, Phao ſhall yeeld.

Sapho If he yeelde, then ſhall I ſhame to embrace one ſo meane, if not, die: becauſe I cannot embrace one ſo meane. Thus doo I finde no meane.

Venus Well, I will worke for thee. Farwell.

Sapho Farwell ſweete Venus, and thou Cupid, which art ſweeteſt in thy ſharpneſſe.

Exit Sapho.

Actus quartus, Schæna ſecunda.

Venus, Cupid.

Venus. Cupid, what haſt thou done? put thine arrowes in Phaos eyes, and wounded thy mothers heart:

Cupid You gaue him a face to allure, then why ſhoulde not I giue him eyes to pearce?

Venus O Venus, vnhappie Venus, who in beſtowing a benefit vpon a man, haſt brought a bane vnto a Goddeſſe. What perplexities dooſt thou feele? O faire Phao, and therefore made faire to breede in me a frenzie. O would that when I gaue thee golden locks to curle thy head, I had ſhackled thee with yron locks on thy feete. And when I nourſed thee Sapho with lettice, woulde it had turned to hemlock. Haue I brought a ſmooth skin ouer thy face, to make a rough ſcarre in my heart? And giuen thee a freſh colour like the damask roſe, to make mine pale like the ſtained Turkie. O Cupid, thy flames with Pſyches were but ſparks, and my deſires with Adonis but dreames, in reſpect of theſe vnacquainted torments. Laugh Iuno, Venus is in loue, but Iuno ſhal not ſee with whome, leaſt ſhe be in loue. Venus belike is become ſtale: Sapho forſooth becauſe ſhe hath many vertues, therefore ſhe muſt haue all the fauours. Venus waxeth

eth old: & then ſhe was a pretie wench, when Iuno was a young wife, now crowes foote is on her eye, & the black oxe hath troad on her foote. But were Sapho neuer ſo vertuous, dooth ſhe thinke to contend with Venus to be as amorous? Yeeld Phao, but yeeld to me Phao, I intreat where I may command, command thou, where thou ſhouldſt intreat. In this caſe Cupid what is thy counſell, Venus muſt both play the louer and the diſſembler, and therefore the diſſembler, becauſe the Louer.

Cupid You will euer be playing with arrowes, like childrē with kniues, & thē whē you bleed, you cry: go to Vulcā, intreat by praiers, threatē with blowes, wooe with kiſſes, bā with curſes, trie al meanes to rid theſe extremities.

Venus. To what end?

Cupid That he might make me new arrowes: for nothing can roote out the deſires of Phao, but a new ſhaft of inconſtancie, nor any thing turne Saphos heart, but a new arrow of diſdaine. And then they diſliking one the other, who ſhall enioy Phao but Venus?

Venus I will follow thy counſell. For Venus, though ſhe be in her latter age for yeares: yet is ſhee in her Nonage for affections. When Venus ceaſeth to loue let loue ceaſe to rule. But come, let vs to Vulcan.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Schæna tertia.

Sapho, Mileta, Iſmena, Eugenia, Lamya, Fauilla, Canope,

Sapho What dreames are theſe Mileta? And can there be no truth in dreames? yea, dreams haue their truth. Me thought I ſaw a ſtockdoue or woodquiſt, I knowe not how to tearme it, that brought ſhort ſtrawes to build his neſt in a tall Cædar, where, whilſt with his bil he was framing his building, he loſt as many feathers frō his wings, as he laid ſtrawes in his neſt: yet ſcambling to catch hold to harbor in the houſe hee had made, he ſodainely fell frō the bough where he ſtood. And thē pittifully caſting vp

his

his eyes, he cried in ſuch tearmes (as I imagined) as might either condemne the nature of ſuch a tree, or the daring of ſuch a mind. Whileſt he lay quaking vpon the ground, and I gazing on the Cædar, I might perceiue Antes to breede in the rinde, coueting onely to hoord, and catterpillers to cleaue to the leaues, labouring onely to ſuck, which cauſed moe leaues to fall from the tree, than there did feathers before from the doue. Me thought Mileta, I ſighed in my ſleepe, pittying both the fortune of the bird and the miſfortune of the tree: but in this time quils began to bud againe in the bird, which made him looke as though he would flie vp, and then wiſhed I that the body of the tree would bow, that he might but creep vp the tree, then and ſo, Hey, ho.

Milet. And ſo what?

Sapho Nothing Mileta: but and ſo I waked. But did no bodie dreame but I?

Milet. I dreamed laſt night, but I hope dreames are contrarie, that holding my head ouer a ſweete ſmoake, all my hayre blazd on a bright flame. Me thought Iſmena caſt water to quench it: yet the ſparkes fel on my boſom, and wiping them away with my hand, I was all in a goare bloud, till one with a few freſh flowers ſtanched it. And ſo ſtretching my ſelfe as ſtiffe I ſtarted, it was but a dreā.

Iſme. It is a ſigne you ſhall fall in loue with hearing faire words. Water ſignifieth counſell, flowers death. And nothing can purge your louing humour but death.

Milet. You are no interpreter: but an interprater, harping alwaies vpon loue, till you be as blind as a Harper.

Iſme. I remember laſt night but one, I dreamed mine eie tooth was loſe, & that I thruſt it out with my tongue.

Milet. It foretelleth the loſſe of a friend: and I euer thought thee ſo full of prattle, that thou wouldſt thruſt out the beſt friend with thy tatling.

Iſme. Yea Mileta: but it was looſe before, and if my friend

friend be looſe,as good thruſt out with plaine words, as kept in with diſſembling.

Euge. Dreames are but dotings,which come either by things we ſee in the day , or meates that we eate, and ſo the common ſenſe preferring it to be imaginatiue.

Iſme. Soft *Philoſofatrix*,well ſeene in the ſecrets of art, and not ſeduced with the ſuperſtitions of nature.

Sapho Iſmenaes tongue neuer lyeth ſtill,I thinke al her teeth will be looſe , they are ſo often iogged againſt her tongue. But ſay on Eugenua.

Euge. There is all.

Sapho What did your dreame Canope?

Cano. I ſeldome dreame Madā:but ſithence your ſicknes I cannot tell whether with our watching, but I haue had many phantaſticall viſions: for euen now ſlumbring by your beddes ſide,mee thought I was ſhadowed with a cloud,where laboring to vnwrap my ſelfe,I was more intangled.But in the midſt of my ſtriuing it ſeemed to myſell gold, with faire drops, I filled my lap, and running to ſhew it my fellowes , it turned to duſt , I bluſhed , they laughed,& then I waked,being glad it was but a dreame.

Iſme. Take heede Canope , that gold tempt not your lap,and then you bluſh for ſhame.

Cano. It is good luck to dreame of gold.

Iſme. Yea,if it had continued gold.

La. I dreame euery night,and the laſt night this. Me thought that walking in the ſunne, I was ſtung with the flie *Tarantula*, whoſe venom nothing can expell but the ſweete conſent of Muſick. I tried all kinde of inſtruments, but found no eaſe, till at the laſt two Lutes tuned in one key ſo glutted my thirſting eares, that my griefe preſentlie ceaſed:for ioy whereof as I was clapping my hands,your Ladyſhip called.

Milet. It is a ſigne that nothing ſhall aſſwage your loue but marriage:for ſuch is the tying of two in wedlock,as

is the tuning of two Lutes in one key : for ſtriking the ſtrings of the one, ſtrawes will ſtirre vpon the ſtrings of the other, and in two mindes linked in loue, one cannot be delighted, but the other reioyceth.

Fauil. Me thought going by the ſea ſide among Pebels, I ſawe one playing with a rounde ſtone, euer throwing it into the water, when the ſunne ſhined, I asked the name, he ſaide, it was called *Abeſton*, which being once hot, would neuer bee cold, hee gaue it me, and vaniſhed. I forgetting my ſelfe, delighted with the fayre ſhowe, would alwaies ſhew it by candle light, pull it out in the Sunne, and ſee how bright it would looke in the fire, where catching heate, nothing could coole it : for anger I threw it againſt the wall, and with the heauing vp of mine arme I waked.

Milet. Beware of loue Fauilla : for womens hearts are ſuch ſtones, which warmed by affection, cannot be coold by wiſdome.

Fauil. I warrant you : for I neuer credit mens words.

Iſme. Yet bee warie : for women are ſcorched ſometimes with mens eyes, though they had rather conſume than confeſſe.

Sapho Ceaſe your talking : for I would faine ſleepe, to ſee if I can dreame, whether the bird hath feathers, or the Antes wings. Draw the curteine.

Actus quartus, Schæna quarta.

Venus, Vulcan, Cupid.

Venus Come Cupid, Vulcans flames muſt quench Venus fires. Vulcan?

Vulc. Who?

Venus Venus.

Vulc. Ho ho Venus.

Venus Come ſweet Vulcan, thou knoweſt how ſweet thou haſt found Venus, who being of all the Goddeſſes

the

the moſt faire, hath choſen thee of all the Gods the moſt foule, thou muſt needes then confeſſe I was moſt louing. Enquire not the cauſe of my ſuite by queſtions: but preuent the effects by curteſie. Make me ſixe arrow heads, it is giuen thee of the Gods by permiſſion to frame them to any purpoſe, I ſhal requeſt them by praier. Why lowreſt thou Vulcan? wilt thou haue a kiſſe? holde vp thy head, Venus hath young thoughts, and freſh affections. Rootes haue ſtringes, when boughes haue no leaues. But hearken in thine eare Vulcan: how ſaieſt thou?

Vulc. Vulcan is a God with you, when you are diſpoſed to flatter. Aright woman, whoſe tongue is like a bees ſting, which pricketh deepeſt, whē it is fulleſt of honey. becauſe you haue made mine eyes dronke with fayre looks, you wil ſet mine eares on edge with ſweet words. You were woont to ſay that the beating of hammers made your head ake, and the ſmoake of the forge your eyes water, and euery coale was a block in your way. You wee pe roſe water, when you aske, and ſpitte vineger, whē you haue obteined. What would you now with new arrowes, belike Mars hath a tougher skin on his heart, or Cupid a weaker arme, or Venus a better courage. Well Venus, there is neuer a ſmile in your face, but hath made a wrinckle in my forhead, Ganymedes muſt fill your cup, and you will pledge none but Iupiter. But I will not chide Venus. Come Cyclops, my wife muſt haue her will, let vs doo that in earth, which the Gods cannot vndoo in heauen.

Venus Gramercie ſweete Vulcan, to your worke.

The Song, in making of the Arrowes.

Vulc. Here Venus, I haue finiſhed theſe arrowes by art, beſtowe them you by witte: for as great aduiſe muſt he vſe that hath them, as he cunning that made them.

Ve. Vulcan, now you haue done with your forge, let vs alone with the fancie: you are as the Fletcher, not the Archer, to meddle with the arrowe, not the aime.

Vulc. I thought ſo: when I haue done working, you haue done wooing. Where is now ſweet Vulcan? Well, I can ſay no more, but this, which is enough, & as much as any can ſay, Venus is a woman.

Venus Be not angrie Vulcan, I will loue thee againe, when I haue either buſineſſe, or nothing elſe to doo.

Cupid My Mother will make much of you, when there are no more men than Vulcan.

Actus quintus Schæna prima.

Venus, Cupid.

Venus Come Cupid, receiue with thy fathers inſtruments, thy mothers inſtructions: for thou muſt be wiſe in conceit, if thou wilt be fortunate in execution. This arrow is feathered with the wings of *Ægitus*, which neuer ſleepeth for feare of his hen: the head toucht with the ſtone *Perillus*, which cauſeth miſtruſt & iealouſie. Shoote this Cupid, at men that haue faire wiues, which will make them rub the browes, when they ſwell in the braines. This ſhaft is headed with *Lydiã* ſteel, which ſtriketh a deep diſdain of that which we moſt deſire, the fethers are of *Turtel*, but dipped in the bloud of a *Tigreſſe*, draw this vp cloſe to the head at Sapho, that ſhe may deſpiſe, where now ſhe doates. Good my boy gall her on the ſide that for Phaos loue ſhee may neuer ſigh. This arrow is feathered with the *Phœnix* wing, and headed with the Eagles bil, it maketh men paſſionate in deſires, in loue conſtant, and wiſe in conueyance, melting as it were their fancies into faith: this arrowe ſweete childe, and with as great aym as thou canſt, muſt Phao be ſtriken withal, and crie ſoftly to thy ſelfe in the verie looſe, Venus. Sweet Cupid miſtake it not, I wil make a quiuer for that by it ſelfe. The fourth hath feathers of the Peacock, but glewed with the gum of the *Mirtle* tree, headed with fine golde, and faſtned with brittle *Chryſocoll*: this ſhoote at daintie and coye Ladyes, at amiable and young

yong Nymphes, chuſe no other white but women: for this will worke liking in their mindes, but not loue, affabilitie in ſpeach, but no faith, courtly fauours to bee miſtreſſes ouer manie, but conſtant to none: ſighes to be fetcht from the lungs, not the heart, & teares to be wrong out with their fingers, not their eyes, ſecrete laughing at mens pale lookes & neate attire, open reioycing at their owne comelineſſe and mens courting. Shoote this arrow among the thickeſt of them, whoſe boſomes lye open, becauſe they would be ſtriken with it. And ſeeing men tearme women *Iupiters* fooles, women ſhall make men *Venus* fooles. This ſhaft is lead in the head, & whoſe feathers are of the night Rauen, a deadly and poyſoned ſhaft, which breedeth hate onely againſt thoſe which ſue for loue. Take heed Cupid thou hit not Phao with this ſhaft: for then ſhall Venus periſh. This laſt is an old arrow, but newly mended, the arrow which hit both Sapho and Phao, working onely in meane mindes an aſpiring to ſuperiours, and in high eſtates a ſtooping to inferiours: with this Cupid I am galled my ſelfe, till thou haue galled Phao with the other.

Cupid I warrãt you I wil cauſe Phao to languiſh in your loue, and Sapho to diſdaine his.

Venus Goe, loyter not, nor miſtake your ſhaft. Now Venus, haſt thou plaid a cunning part, though not currant. But why ſhould Venus diſpute of vnlawfulnes in loue, or faith in affection; beeing both the Goddeſſe of loue and affection? knowing there is as little truth to be vſed in loue, as there is there reaſon. No ſweete Phao, Venus will obtaine, becauſe ſhe is Venus. Not thou Ioue with thunder in thy hand, ſhalt take him out of my hands. I haue new arrowes now for my boy, and freſh flames, at which the Gods ſhall tremble, if they begin to trouble me. But I will expect the euent, and tarie for Cupid at the forge.

Actus quintus, Schæna ſecunda.

Sapho, Cupid, Mileta, Venus.

Sapho What haſt thou done Cupid?

Cupid That my mother commanded, Sapho.

Sapho Mee thinkes I feele an alteration in my minde, & as it were a withdrawing in my ſelfe of mine owne affections.

Cupid Then hath mine arrow his effect.

Sapho I pray thee tell me the cauſe?

Cupid I dare not.

Sapho Feare nothing: for if Venus freat, Sapho can frowne, thou ſhalt be my ſonne. Mileta, giue him ſome ſweete meates, ſpeake good Cupid, and I will giue thee manie pretie things.

Cupid My mother is in loue with Phao, ſhe willed me to ſtrike you with diſdaine of him, and him with deſire of her.

Sapho O ſpiteful Venus, Mileta, giue him ſome of that. What els Cupid?

Cupid I could be euen with my mother: and ſo I will, if I ſhall call you mother.

Sapho Yea Cupid, call me anie thing ſo I may bee euen with her.

Cupid I haue an arrow, with which if I ſtrike Phao, it wil cauſe him to loath onely Venus.

Sapho Sweete Cupid, ſtrike Phao with it. Thou ſhalt ſit in my lap, I will rocke thee aſleepe, and feed thee with all fine knackes.

Cupid I will about it. *Exit Cupid.*

Sapho But come quickly againe. Ah vnkinde Venus, is this thy promiſe to Sapho? But if I get Cupid from thee I my ſelfe will be the Queene of loue. I will direct theſe arrowes with better aime, and conquer mine owne affections with greater modeſtie. Venus heart ſhall flame, and her

her loue be as common as her craft. O Mileta, time hath diſcloſed that, which my temperance hath kept in: but ſith I am rid of the diſeaſe, I will not be aſhamed to confeſſe the cauſe, I loued Phao Mileta, a thing vnfit for my degree, but forced by my deſire.

Milet. Phao?

Sapho Phao Mileta, of whom now Venus is enamoured.

Mileta And doo you loue him ſtill?

Sapho No, I feele relenting thoughts, & reaſon not yeelding to appetite. Let Venus haue him, no, ſhee ſhall not haue him. But here comes Cupid: How now my boye, haſt thou done it?

Cupid Yea, & left Phao rayling on Venus, & curſing her name: yet ſtill ſighing for Sapho, & blazing her vertues.

Sapho Alas poore Phao, thy extreame loue ſhould not be requited with ſo meane a fortune, thy faire face deſerued greater fauours: I cannot loue, Venus hath hardned my heart.

Venus I meruaile Cupid commeth not all this while. How now, in Saphoes lap?

Sapho Yea Venus, what ſay you to it, in Saphoes lap?

Venus Sir boy, come hether.

Cupid I will not.

Venus What now? will you not? hath Sapho made you ſo ſawcie?

Cupid I will be Saphos ſonne, I haue as you commanded ſtriken her with a deep diſdain of Phao, and Phao as ſhe entreated me, with a great deſpite of you.

Venus Vnhappie wag, what haſt thou done? I wil make thee repent it euerie vaine in thy heart.

Sapho Venus, bee not collerick, Cupid is mine, hee hath giuen me his arrowes, and I will giue him a new bow to ſhoote in. You are not worthie to be the Ladie of loue, that yeeld ſo often to the impreſſions of loue. Immodeſt Venus, that to ſatisfie the vnbrideled thoughtes of

thy

thy heart, transgreſſeſt ſo far from the ſtay of thine honor. How ſaiſt thou Cupid, wilt thou be with me?

Cupid Yes.

Sapho Shall not I be on earth the Goddes of affections?

Cupid Yes.

Sapho Shal not I rule the fancies of men, & lead Venus in chaines like a captiue?

Cupid Yes.

Sapho It is a good boy.

Venus What haue we here, you the Goddeſſe of loue? and you her ſonne, Cupid? I will tame that proud hart, els ſhall the Gods ſay, they are not Venus friends. And as for you, ſir boy, I will teach you how to run away: you ſhalbe ſtript from top to toe, & whipt with nettles, not roſes I will ſet you to blow Vulcans coales, not to beare Venus quiuer, I will handle you for this geare: well, I ſay no more. But as for the new Miſtres of loue, or Ladie I crie you mercie, I thinke you would be called a Goddeſſe, you ſhall know what it is to vſurpe the name of Venus. I will pul thoſe plumes, and cauſe you to caſt your eyes on your feet, not your fethers: your ſoft haire will I turne to hard briſtles, your tongue to a ſting, and thoſe alluring eyes to vnluckines: in which if the Gods aide me not, I will curſe the Gods.

Sapho Venus, you are in a vaine anſwerable to your vanitie, whoſe high words neither become you, nor feare me. But let this ſuffice, I will keepe Cupid in deſpight of you, and yet with the content of the Gods.

Venus Will you? why then we ſhall haue pretie Gods in heauen, when you take Gods priſoners on earth. Before I ſleepe you ſhall both repent, and finde what it is but to thinke vnreuerently of Venus Come Cupid, ſhe knowes not how to vſe thee, come with me, you knowe what I haue for you, will you not?

Cupid Not I.

Venus

Venus Well, I will be euen with you both, & that ſhortlie. *Exit.*

Sapho Cupid, feare not, I will direct thine arrowes better: euerie rude aſſe ſhall not ſay he is in loue. It is a toye made for Ladies, and I will keepe it onely for Ladies.

Cupid But what will you doo for Phao?

Sapho I will with him fortunate. This wil I do for Phao becauſe I once loued Phao: for neuer ſhall it be ſaid that Sapho loued to hate, or that out of loue ſhe could not be as courteous, as ſhe was in loue paſſionate. Come *Mileta*, ſhut the doore. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus, Schæna tertia.

Phao, Sybilla.

Phao Go to Sybilla, tell the beginning of thy loue, & the end of thy fortune. And loe how happily ſhe ſitteth in her caue. Sybilla?

Sybi. Phao, welcome, what newes?

Phao Venus, the Goddeſſe of loue I loath, Cupid cauſd it with a new ſhaft. Sapho diſdaineth mee, Venus cauſd it for a new ſpite. O Sybilla, if Venus be vnfaithfull in loue, where ſhall one flie for truth She vſeth deceipt, is it not then likely ſhe will diſpence with ſubtiltie? And being carefull to commit iniuries, will ſhe not be careles to reuenge them. I muſt now fall from loue to labour, and endeuour with mine oare to get a fare, not with my pen to write a fancie. Loues are but ſmokes, which vaniſh in the ſeeing, and yet hurt whileſt they are ſeene. A Ferrie Phao, no the ſtars cannot call it a worſer fortune. Range rather ouer the world, forſweare affections, entreate for death. O Sapho, thou haſt Cupid in thine armes, I in my heart, thou kiſſeſt him for ſport, I muſt curſe him for ſpite: yet will I not curſe him Sapho, whome thou kiſſeſt. This ſhalbe my reſolution, where euer I wander to be as I were euer kneeling before Sapho, my loyaltie

vnſpotted,though vnrewarded. With as little malice wil I goe to my graue,as I did lie withall in my cradle. My life ſhalbe ſpent in ſighing and wiſhing, the one for my bad fortune,the other for Saphoes good.

Sybi. Doo ſo Phao: for deſtinie calleth thee aſwell from *Sicily* as from loue. Other things hang ouer thy head, which I muſt neither tell,nor thou enquire. And ſo farwell.

Phao Farewell Sybilla,& farewell *Sicily*. Thoughts ſhal be thy food, and in thy ſteps ſhall bee printed behinde thee,that there was none ſo loyall left behinde thee. Farwell *Syracuſa*,vnworthie to harbour faith, & when I am gone,vnleſſe Sapho be here,vnlikely to harbour anie.

The

The Epilogue.

THey that tread in a maze, walke oftentimes in one path, and at the laſt come out where they entered in. We feare we haue lead you al this while in a Labyrinth of conceites diuerſe times hearing one deuice, and haue now brought you to an end, where we firſt began. Which wearieſome trauaile you muſt impute to the neceſſitie of the hiſtorie, as *Theſeus* did his labor to the art of the Labyrinth. There is nothing cauſeth ſuch giddines, as going in a wheele, neither can there any thing breede ſuch tediouſnes, as hearing many words vttered in a ſmall compaſſe. But if you accept this daunce of a Farie in a circle, we will hereafter at your willes frame our fingers to all formes. And ſo we wiſh euery one of you a thread to lead you out of the doubtes, wherewith we leaue you intangled, that nothing be miſtaken by our raſhouerſights, nor miſconſtrued by your deepe inſightes.

FINIS.